

A

P O E M

On the Death of

Mr. John Philips,

Author of the

Splendid Shilling, Blenheim and Cyder.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

*His saltem accumulem donis & fungar inani
Munere—*



L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross-Keys* between
the two *Temple Gates* in *Fleet-street*.

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By Mr. Edmund Smith.

His latest account of the death of

Blenheim



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To the Memory of

Mr. John Philips.



SINCE our *Isis* silently deplores
The Bard who spread her Fame to distant Shores;
Since nobler Pens their mournful Lays suspend;
My honest Zeal, if not my Verse, commend,
Forgive the Poet, and approve the Friend.

Your Care had long his fleeting Life restrain'd,
 One Table fed you, and one Bed contain'd;
 For his dear Sake long restless Nights you bore,
 While rat'ling Coughs his heaving Vessels tore,
 Much was his Pain, but your Affliction more.
 Oh! had no Summons from the noisy Gown
 Call'd thee, unwilling to the nauseous Town,
 Thy Love had o'er the dull Disease prevail'd,
 Thy Mirth had cur'd where baffled Physick fail'd;
 But since the Will of Heav'n his Fate decreed,
 To thy kind Care my worthless Lines succeed;
 Fruitless our Hopes, tho' pious our Effays,
 Yours to preserve a Friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in *Miltonian* Verse,
 With Strains like those he sung on *Gloster's* Herse;
 But with the meaner Tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
 And wanting Strength to rise, descend to Rhyme.

With other Fire his glorious *Blenheim* shines,
 And all the Battle thunders in his Lines;

His

His nervous Verse great *Boileau's* Strength transcends,
And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchill*, bends.

Oh! various Bard, you all our Pow'rs control,
You now disturb, and now divert the Soul:
Milton and *Butler* in thy Muse combine,
Above the last thy manly Beauties shine;
For as I've seen when Rival Wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick Turns and Points in vain relies,
This with a Look demure, and stedd' Eyes,
With dry Rebukes, or sneering Praise replies:
So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,
Reach *Butler's* Fancy, but surpass his Style;
He speaks *Scarron's* low Phrase in humble Strains,
In Thee the solemn Air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

What sounding Lines his abject Themes express,
What shining Words the pompous *Shilling* dress?
There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer Piles which o'er its Ruins rise.

In her best Light the comick Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin wears.

So when Nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes;
With dangling Hands he strokes th'imperial Robe,
And, with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe;
The pomp and sound the whole Buffoon display'd,
And *Ammon's* Son more Mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear Shade, the Scene my Folly draws,
Thy Strains divert the Grief thy Ashes cause:
When *Orpheus* sings the Ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling Musick, lose their Pain:
So charm the fallies of thy Georgick Muse,
So calm our Sorrows, and our Joys infuse;
Here rural Notes a gentle Mirth inspire,
Here lofty Lines the kindling Reader fire,
Like that fair Tree you praise, the Poem charms,
Cools like the Fruit, or like the Juice it warms.

Blest

Blest Clime, which *Vaga's* fruitful Streams improve,
Etruria's Envy, and her *Cosmo's* Love;
 Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* Vine,
 Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scudmore's* Wine,
 And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine.

Rise, rise, *Roscommon*, see the *Blenheim* Muse,
 The dull constraint of monkish Rhyme refuse;
 See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring Pinions soar,
 Where never *English* Poet reach'd before:
 See mighty *Cosmo's* Counsellor and Friend,
 By turns on *Cosmo* and the Bard attend;
 Rich in the Coyns and Busts of ancient *Rome*,
 In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;
 In them he views her Gods, and Dome's design'd
 In him the Soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty Mind:
 To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spencer*, first by *Pisan* Poets taught,
 To us their Tales, their Style, and Numbers brought

To follow ours now *Tuscan* Bards descend,
 From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spencer* lend,
 Like *Philips* too the Yoke of Rhyme disdain,
 They first on *English* Bards impos'd the Chain,
 First by an *English* Bard from Rhyme their Freedom
 gain.

Tyrannick Rhime, that cramps to equal chime,
 The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime,
 Some say this Chain the doubtful Sense decides,
 Confines the Fancy, and the Judgment guides;
 I'm sure in needless Bonds it Poets tyes,
Procrustes like, the Ax or Wheel applies,
 To lop the mangled Sense, or stretch it into size:
 At best a Crutch that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
 And the chance Thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
 Oft rise to Fustian, or descend to Prose.
 Your Judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with steady sway,
 You us'd no curbing Rhyme, the Muse to stay,
 To stop her Fury, or direct her way.

Thee on the Wing thy uncheck'd Vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd Cord the Shackle-Dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When free'd he moves, the sturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant Ground,
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound.

Rail on, ye Triflers, who to *Will's* repair
For new Lampoons, fresh Cant, or modish Air;
Rail on at *Milton's* Son, who wisely bold
Rejects new Phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spencer's* Strains,
In *Maro's* Page reviving *Ennius* reigns;
The ancient Words the Majesty compleat,
And make the Poem venerably great:
So when the Queen in royal Habit's drest,
Old mystick Emblems grace th'imperial Vest,
And in *Eliza's* Robes all *Anna* stands confest.

A haughty Bard to Fame by Volumes rais'd,
 At *Dick's*, and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,
 Cryes out aloud — Bold *Oxford* Bard forbear
 With rugged Numbers to torment my Ear;
 Yet not like thee the heavy Critick soars,
 But paints in Fustian, or in turn deplores;
 With *Bunyan's* Style profanes heroick Songs,
 To the tenth Page lean Homilies prolongs;
 For far fetch'd Rhymes makes puzzled Angels strain,
 And in low Prose dull *Lucifer* complain;
 His envious Muse by native Dullness curst,
 Damns the best Poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his Praise or Blame thy Works prevail,
 Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
 Great *Milton's* Wing on lower Themes subfides,
 And *Dryden* oft in Rhyme his weakness hides;
 You ne'er with jingling Words deceive the Ear,
 And yet, on humble Subjects, great appear.
 Thrice happy Youth whom noble *Isis* crowns!
 Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* owns;

Memory of Mr. John P. P.
So on the tuneful *Margarita's* Tongue
The list'ning Nymphs, and ravish'd Heroes hung;
But Citts and Fops the Heav'n-born Musick blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into Fame;
Like her sweet Voice is thy harmonious Song,
As high, as sweet, as easie, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays;
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoyce above, and Sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of Friends, will ne'er the silent Urn
To our just Vows the hapless Youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious Day?
Nor spark'ling Thoughts in antique Words convey?

No more to harmless Irony descend,
To noisy Fools a grave Attention lend,
Nor merry Tales with learn'd Quotations blend?
No more in false pathetick Phrase complain
Of *Delia's* Wit, her Charms, and her Disdain?
Who now shall God-like *Anna's* Fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our *Twysden's* glorious Fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:
How, while the troubled Elements around,
Earth, Water, Air, the stunning Dinn resound;
Through Streams of Smoak, and adverse Fire he rides,
While every Shott is levell'd at his Sides,
How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
And the fam'd *Eugene's* Iron Troops retire,
In the first Front amidst a slaughter'd Pile,
High on the Mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom shall I find unbias'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?

Oh!

Oh! in that heav'nly Youth for ever ends
 The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.
 He sacred Friendship's strictest Laws obey'd,
 Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
 Against himself his Gratitude maintain'd,
 By Favours past, not future Prospects gain'd:
 Not nicely choos'ing, tho' by all desir'd,
 Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd:
 Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In Humour pliant, as in Life austere.
 A wise Content his even Soul secur'd,
 By Want not shaken, nor by Wealth allur'd.
 To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
 Could praise a Rival, or condemn a Friend.
 To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,
 Their Tongues, their Spirits, and their Styles his own:
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous Men to view,
 Our Authors Works, and Lives, and Souls he knew;
 Paid to the Learn'd and Great the same Esteem,
 The one his Pattern, and the one his Theme:
 With equal Judgment his capacious Mind
 Warm *Pindar's* Rage, and *Euclid's* Reason joyn'd,

Judicious Phyſick's noble Art to gain
All Drugs and Plants explor'd alas in vain!
The Drugs and Plants their drooping Maſter fail'd,
Nor Goodneſs now, nor Learning ought avail'd;
Yet to the Bard his *Churchill's* Soul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the Life they could not ſave;

Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal Gueſt,
The Weight that all his fainting Limbs oppreſt,
The Coughs that ſtrugled from his weary Breſt?
Could he unmov'd-approaching Death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking Pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping Friends ſurvey,
In his laſt Hours his eaſy Wit diſplay,
Like the rich Fruit he ſings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy Friends look down, lamented Shade,
And view the Honours to thy Aſhes paid;
Some thy lov'd Duſt in Parian Stones enſhrine,
Others immortal Epitaphs deſign;
With Wit, and Strength, that only yields to thine!

Even I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,
And gentle *Isis* soft Complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the Wars Alarms,
And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tufts*'s Arms:
Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerset* deplores,
And ev'n that charming Scene his Grief restores:
He to thy Loss each mournful Air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
But most at *Virgil*'s Tomb his swelling Sorrows rise.

But you, his darling Friends, lament no more,
Display his Fame, and not his Fate deplore;
And let no Tears from erring Pity flow,
For One that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

F I N I S.

Even I, though slow to touch the painful string,

Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.

Thou, Philip, thee deploring Vaga mours,

And gentle Mr. lost Complaints returns;

Down, laments amidst the Wars Alarms,

And Cael weeps in beautiful Tyfaw's Arms:

Thou on the 1st kind Sonnet deploras,

And even that charming Scene his Grief restores:

He to thy lost exhumed Air applies,

Mindful of thee on huge Tennyson lies,

But most at Nig's Tomb his swelling Sorrows rise.

But you, his darling Friends, lament no more,

Display his Fame, and not his Fate deplore;

And let no Tears from ebbing Pity flow,

For One that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

F A N T A S Y